

THE DAILY  
SHORT STORY

## CROSSED WIRES

By LILY WANDEL.

Outside of the fussy little parlor Shiela leaned her pale cheek against the hall wall. "A man doesn't love me," she thought. "The woman he loves. It was a deadening of the last little ray of hope."

She rushed upstairs to her bedroom with its great four-poster and oval rug, rugs her grandmother made, and thrust her fingers in the back of the bureau drawer for the ten-cent Rodney needed. He had told her that Mr. Eddington had called for him, walked out of the office because he couldn't stand it. And Mr. Eddington had said at a live wire would make good. She had planned her hopes that she tried to tell herself that it was only a matter of dollars that prevented Rodney from asking her to marry him. She had told her mother with happy tears that he was a live wire that he would make good.

The fussy little parlor Rodney had in the old davenport, his father dug in his pockets, a deep frown on his forehead, his eyes fixed on the little three-drawer cabinet with its shelves of images and vases and knick-knacks.

Shiela entered softly. "Don't worry, Rodney. At least this will give you room rent and the position on that history of Bucks county. And perhaps if I spoke to Mr. Eddington he might see that you were given another chance." "Bang Mr. Eddington!"

"Oh, Rodney, he has been so kind. I don't like that money air about him and he's here all the time. He's coming tonight, eh?"

Shiela's heart sang. "If you cared enough you'd again, be a live wire and keep Eddington from marrying."

Rodney stared viciously at the girl, clustered up three corners of the room. "He looks so darn prosperous, too. What's his business, anyway? I bet he's a crook, that's that."

"He's spoken of his offices in a city," answered Shiela quietly. "He's a very well-mannered man and very well-informed, too, Rodney. Last night he was telling me about cities in Persia and about rats. Who wants to know about that?"

"We can't all be just interested in the history of our own county," murmured Shiela testily. "You know very well the last magazine wrote you that the interest of your history was confined to a very small locality."

Shiela watched him go, the disheveled droop of his shoulders, the shiny back of his serge coat, the wish that she did not love so desperately. And there had been a time when he had been writing the history of Bucks county and the great white lilac bush that she was sure he loved her. She could smell the sweet scent of the white lilacs, hear the hums and see Rodney's enthusiasm, but it was nothing but a memory, an empty dream.

He could not wait forever, especially when she had sold the last of her things. But grandmother did not know that.

Poor, dear old grandmother, with a memory that did tricks. She had banked her hopes on Rodney. "You are both so young," she would counsel gently. "Just wait. There's no hurry and we have enough to live on; we can wait."

Shiela sighed; her heart was heavy from worry. It would have been so nice if Rodney had been a live wire. Life would have been worth living. As it was, there was no alternative; she must accept Mr. Eddington, who had been so kind. He had been calling on her, past three months, his intentions were obvious. Several times he had commenced to ask her all important question, but Shiela, panting with a fever twist in the conversation, had evaded him. But he had insisted that this evening he was going on an important mission.

She had been a hint to have Rodney. Of the way and Shiela realized that she could not forestall the question any longer, besides her own financial affairs cried for help.

Under the soft yellow glow of the shaded lamp shade, Shiela in a lavender dress, ruffled trimly fitted, sat in the corner of the davenport. Her hands were folded loosely in her lap, she could control them, but her thoughts were less governable. She remembered where Rodney was—he was discouraged, despondent, dejected, and he had no one to turn to; he was alone in his miserable furnished room or trotting the stage.

Opposite her on a straight-backed chair Mr. Eddington looked lightly to draw her wandering attention. He was immaculately dressed, from the brilliant white shirt to the dark suit. He tilted over his bald head to the brown-colored spats on his patent leather shoes. His tiny eyes gleamed with unusual intelligence and though he was stout he gave the impression of being bristly. He might have easily been taken for a scholar, had not a certain shrewdness in his features marked him as a business man, but certainly not as a merchant or manufacturer.

"Miss Everet, or may I say Shiela?"

With difficulty the girl roused herself from her thoughts. Again the great desire to evade the question, again the panicky feeling as she drew his chair closer and leaned forward.

"Do not know if you could possibly guess my present coming here this evening, Shiela? A number of times I have tried to tell you, to ask you, but something in the refined, aristocratic atmosphere of this home—"

"I never would leave it—or"

## Vegetable Salad

By Bertha E. Shapleigh  
Cooking Authority for NEA  
Service and Columbia  
University

One of the reasons that many people do not serve salad is that the family does not like it. Another reason is that one does not always have lettuce, and most recipes for salad call for lettuce. The following recipes uses very little oil and no lettuce.

- 1 cup shredded cabbage
- 1 cup celery cut in small pieces
- 2 cucumbers, pared and cut in very small pieces (or they may be chopped)
- 3 tomatoes, chopped
- 1 red pepper, fresh or canned
- 2 green peppers cut in small pieces
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon paprika
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 1 tablespoon vinegar
- 3 tablespoons oil

Mix all the ingredients in a bowl thoroughly, and serve very cold.

If you do not have celery use twice as much cabbage and add one-fourth teaspoon celery salt. This salad is especially good served with fried or broiled fish and with cold meat.

(Cut this out and paste it in your cook book)

grandmother," faltered Shiela looking at the door and hoping that by some chance Rodney might come and interrupt them. "I do not blame you for that, Shiela, though surely one as lovely as you might have thought of marriage."

She grew white and red by turns. "That depends," she managed to answer, "depends on."

"On—shall we say—money?" suggested Mr. Eddington discreetly.

She nodded faintly, and he seemed relieved.

"I presumed as much," but I hesitated to say it," he went on very cautiously. "Shiela, I have something to ask of you. If I offend you, I will apologize and leave at once. You are aware of how often I have come to this little parlor, I know. Have you noticed how many times my greedy eye has wandered to that little three-drawer cabinet?"

Shiela, was somebody in your family a traveler, a collector?"

Shiela, puzzled at the unexpected turn in his conversation, answered: "Perhaps, you see grandmother can't remember very well, but she had several brothers who are dead now that traveled, I believe."

Mr. Eddington left his chair and walked briskly to the three-cornered shelves. "Here are two little Ming vases, Shiela. Genuine, exquisite little gems. I know, because that is my business, a collector and dealer in the rare old pieces of art. I have been calling on you for nearly three months trying to get up courage to ask you if you will sell the pair to me for \$6,000. I know you prize them dearly, but you are young, you may wish money for a trousseau."

He waited for her answer, his whole face nervously expectant, seized with a desire to burst in uncontrollable laughter, but with an effort she asked him gravely, as though she had dealt in Ming vases all her life.

"Are you prepared to pay cash?"

Out in the summer night air she watched Mr. Eddington waddle away, a package under his arm, and then suddenly out of the darkness leaped a tall thin figure.

"Shiela! I was waiting for the fellow to go!" Rodney lunged an arm jubilantly around her shoulders. "Here's your ten spot back. I don't need it! I took the old history of Bucks county to the 'Daily Enquirer' and the editor is going to run it as a series and gave me twenty-five in advance payment. More than that I am a full-fledged reporter!" Shiela drew closer, "tell me you don't really care for that old fossil, Eddington, tell me I may hope—"

She gave him her lips in promise and then whispered, "Rodney, come in the library and tell grandmother while I look in the encyclopedia. I want to find out what a Ming vase is!"

(Copyright, 1922.)

**MINERS STAND APPROVED**

At a meeting of local No. 4046, United Mine Workers of America, at Baxter Wednesday night, resolutions approving the action of the international officers in rejecting the government arbitration plan were unanimously approved. Nick Roschella, president of the local, presided at the meeting. The committee on resolutions of the local is composed of Ed. E. Henrich, chairman; J. F. Bange and Silas J. Wilson.

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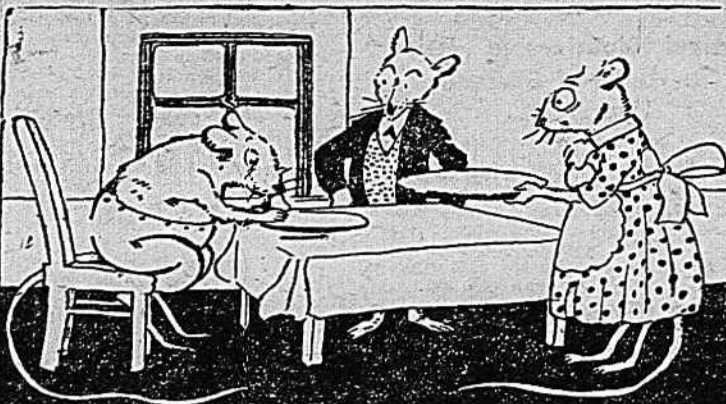
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## ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON.

## HOW FLOP GOT TUMMY-ACHE



So he stayed to lunch and had three pieces of pie.

Flop Fieldmouse had a bad habit.

He had a hundred relatives in Bright Meadowland—the Meadow-Mouse family, the Harvest-Mouse family, the Jumping-Mouse, the House-Mouse and a lot of others.

And here's what Flop would do. He'd visit round about meal-time and find out what they had for dessert.

Then if he didn't like it, he'd go on to his next relative's house and sniff round and find out what they had, and so there if it suited him. If not, he'd go on to his next relatives.

One day Flop struck it lucky. The Meadow-Mouses were having cherry pie for dessert.

That suited Flop. So he stayed and ate three pieces of pie.

Luck was with him. He wandered on to the Harvest-Mouses just to find they were having strawberry shortcake!

So he stayed and had two pieces. On his way home he walked slowly for he was pretty full; but passing his aunt's, Mrs. Jemima Jumping-Mouse, as she was clearing up the dishes he saw a piece of chocolate cake.

In he went and sat around till his aunt offered it to him.

He gulped it down, winding up by eating a banana, a pickle and a piece of cheese.

When he got home his ma telephoned to Dr. Snuffles.

Dr. Snuffles, the fairyman doctor of Whispering Forest, took Nancy and Nick along, and with hot poultices and castor-oil, and a hundred bitter pills, they saved Flop's life.

(To Be Continued.)  
(Copyright 1922.)

## "Enter, the Flapper"

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## BEGIN HERE TODAY

Sudden recklessness makes PEGGY DEAN, typical flapper, take advantage of her mother's absence at a dance to go to a cabaret with her chum.

BOB VANDERPOOL, WINNIE HOLLIS, Peggy's cousin shocked by Peggy's action, insists on chaperoning her. With Winnie is

TED HARKER. Well after midnight they leave the cabaret and are accompanied by

OLIVE SARACIN, a professional dancer, and her sister, DUNCAN LEE, drive to a road-house, expecting to find there the girls' parents.

## GO ON WITH THE STORY

"Your sedate parents," asked Bobby blandly, "not being at this refreshment counter, what now, Winnie and Peg?"

"Sister Winnie moves that we telephone our mammas," laughed Peg, "and go straight to our little beds."

Poor Winnie, strong as was her sense of duty, had a wholesome hate of being called a fire-extinguisher, a crape-hanger, a wump and a dud.

Either she must give up and leave Peggy to her own wild mood or stick and trust Bobby to take them home without further entreaty. She said no more.

"Well, since Winnie hasn't made any motion," Bobby was trying to smooth the situation. "I'll move we give our camel a drink and hit it for home. I'll just jump out and ask a waiter for some water."

Duncan Lee followed Bobby and got into low-voiced conversation with the portly host. He now came back.

"It's all right," he announced. "Olive and I know this bird. As a personal friend, he invites us all to stop for a cool lap of something and maybe a dance—as his guests. We can't have the jazz band, but he's going to start the phonograph in a little Jap garden behind his own house—and we can make our own hours and constitutional amendments. How's that sound, eh?"

"I'll tell you after we're through!" Peggy's gay voice set

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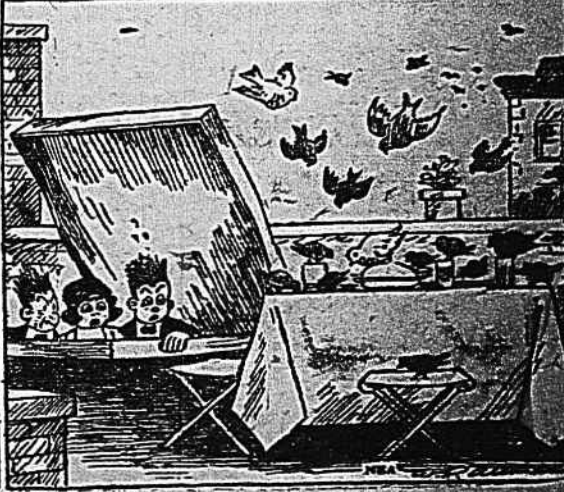
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## DOINGS OF THE TWINS



There Were Other Callers

BY ALLMAN

tioned the question. "Lead us to it."

They followed Lee through the twisted Japanese garden to a low-roofed cottage, whose broad back porch overlooked a fairland of meadows and woodland with the brook winding through. The host, a small man with pouchy eyes and a shrew professional camaraderie, was introduced by Lee.

He pulled forward deep chairs and settees of chintz-cushioned wicker, clasped his hands, and when a pussy-footed Jap appeared, gave him a whispered order.

The Japanese returned rolling a tea-wagon, laden with silver pails, from their bell mouths protruding gold-throated bottles.

There was a clinking of shallow cupped wine glasses, a popping of corks and the honey-colored sparkle of champagne. A glass of bubbling coolness stood before each guest.

The host lifted his. "To pleasant company," he toasted, and all save Winnie, slipped.

Swiftly Peggy reached for her glass.

"No member of my family shall waste Chateau Yquem," she cried. "If I know it." And she drained the glass.

(To Be Continued.)

(Copyright, 1922.)

## SUCCESSFUL TRIP

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., July 29.—Being greeted personally by President Harding, having motion pictures and newspaper pictures taken with Secretary of Agriculture, Wallace, and being entertained by representatives in Washington, the pilgrimage of the West Virginia Poultry Association to eastern poultry centers, which started Sunday and ends next Tuesday, is proving a splendid success.

Baltimore, the party of forty met C. R. Titlow, former director of agricultural extension in West Virginia, but now secretary of the Baltimore Federal Farm Land Bank. The party is now on its final lap of the tour through New Jersey, New York and then home by way of Gettysburg, Pa. The meeting with the poultrymen of various other states has been very inter-

esting throughout and much valuable information has been received by the West Virginians.

## MOTHER GAVE IT

Virginia Lady Suffered With Aches and Pains Until Mother Began Giving Her Cardui

DUBLIN, Va.—Miss Mary Alice Hughtett residing on Route 2, near here, recently told a visitor of her interesting experience with Cardui. Miss Hughtett said: "I had been suffering for some time with painful. I was pale, didn't feel like going. Would just drag around, and couldn't rest to do any good. I would suffer once a month with my back, sides and head. My limbs would ache and I didn't know what to do, but I knew I must do something, for I didn't get well by letting it run on."

"My mother is a believer in Cardui for she saw what it did for others as well as herself, so she began giving it to me."

"It wasn't long before I saw a change. It was just what I needed. It regulated me. I began to eat and sleep, and the pain stopped."

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